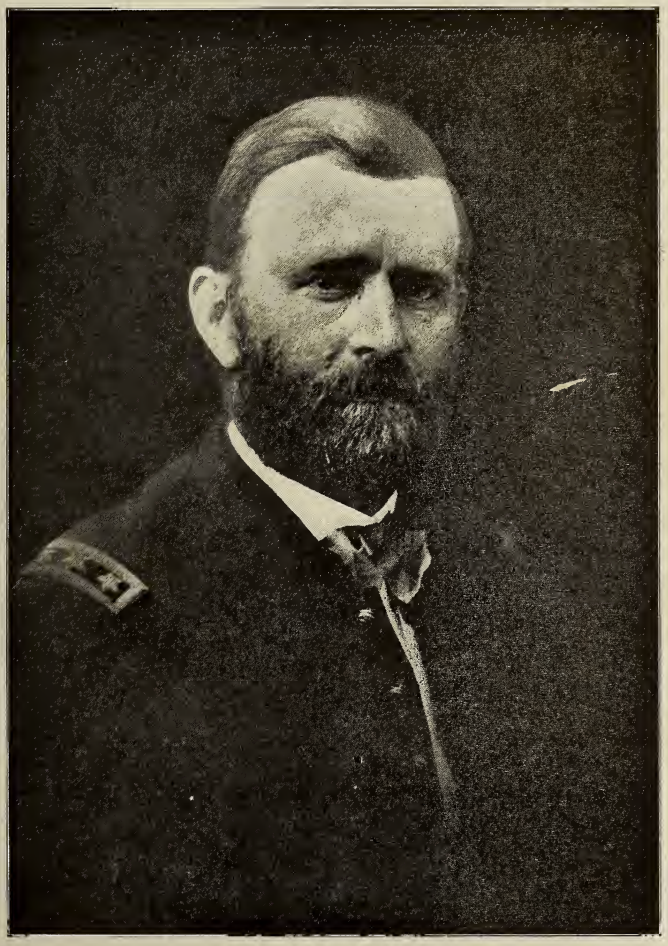
MEMORIAL DAY.



GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

Illinois, 1910.

MEMORIAL DAY

May Thirtieth

1910.

CIRCULAR 49.

Issued by

FRANCIS G. BLAIR,

Superintendent of Public Instruction.

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THE PEOPLE'S SONG OF PEACE.

(From "The Song of the Centennial.")

The grass is green on Bunker Hill,
  The waters sweet in Brandywine;
The sword sleeps in the scabbard still,
  The farmer keeps his flock and vine;
Then who would mar the scene today
With vaunt of battle-field or fray?

The brave corn lifts in regiments
  Ten thousand sabres in the sun;
The ricks replace the battle-tents,
  The bannered tassels toss and run.
The neighing steed, the bugle's blast,
These be but stories of the past.

The earth has healed her wounded breast,
  The cannons plough the field no more;
The heroes rest! O, let them rest
  In peace along the peaceful shore!
They fought for peace, for peace they fell;
They sleep in peace, and all is well.

The fields forget the battles fought,
  The trenches wave in golden grain;
Shall we neglect the lessons taught,
  And tear the wounds agape again?
Sweet Mother Nature, nurse the land,
And heal her wounds with gentle hand.

Lo! peace on earth! Lo! flock and fold!
  Lo! rich abundance, fat increase,
And valleys clad in sheen of gold!
  O, rise and sing a song of peace!
For Theseus roams the land no more,
And Janus rests with rusted door.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

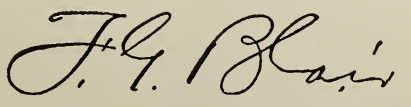
MEMORIAL DAY.

To Teachers and Pupils:

Not to glorify war nor the heroes of war was Memorial Day set apart. It was rather to impress upon us and our children the terrible price which our permanent peace has cost, and to keep constantly before us the picture of havoc and sacrifice wrought by an appeal to arms. But, while our dread and hatred of war should increase with every telling of the story which the day recalls, its proper observance should also increase our respect and devotion for these peace-loving men and women who, with great reluctance, dared to choose the strife of war rather than the repose of dishonor; who hated war not less than we and whose love for peace was none the less, but who hated wrong and national disgrace more than they hated war, and who loved right and national honor more than an unstable and dishonorable peace. Therefore let no one think that these soldiers whose memory we honor lusted for the blood of their fellow men or took comfort in the plunder of homes and the destruction of cities. They, far more vividly than we, saw the pity and the agony of it all, and, on battle-field and camping ground, longed anxiously for the dawn of peace.

Thus, it is, that war may become its own worst enemy and its great soldiers our best heralds of peace. It was Ulysses S. Grant, the great soldier of the greatest war of all times, who wrote, "Let us have peace." Was this a chance sentence that dropped from his pen? Did the thought first occur to him after all opportunities for fighting were over? No. It was his firm conviction, his heartfelt desire, born with him into the world, deepened by the dread and anxiety of every battle, burned into his soul by the fire of conflict and slaughter. We are, therefore, most fortunate that in honoring him as a great soldier, we are also honoring him as a great prophet of peace. And in thus showing our respect for our great soldier and commander, we shall also show our respect to all those brave men whose courage and devotion made the name of Grant worthy of our honor.

Let us observe Memorial Day.



Superintendent of Public Instruction.

A STATEMENT.

THREE GREAT SONS OF ILLINOIS.

The Memorial Day circulars for 1908 and 1909, issued by the Department of Public Instruction, were intended to give the school children an idea of the life and services of Abraham Lincoln and John A. Logan. This year the Memorial Day pamphlet is devoted chiefly to the life and labors of Ulysses S. Grant. An attempt is made to give the central points in his life by selections taken from various writers. It is hoped that such an interest will be aroused in the minds of young people that they will read one of these books and thus not only learn to know the great commander, but also to love the men whom he led and to have the same kindly feeling toward those whom he opposed in this lamentable, but inevitable struggle.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

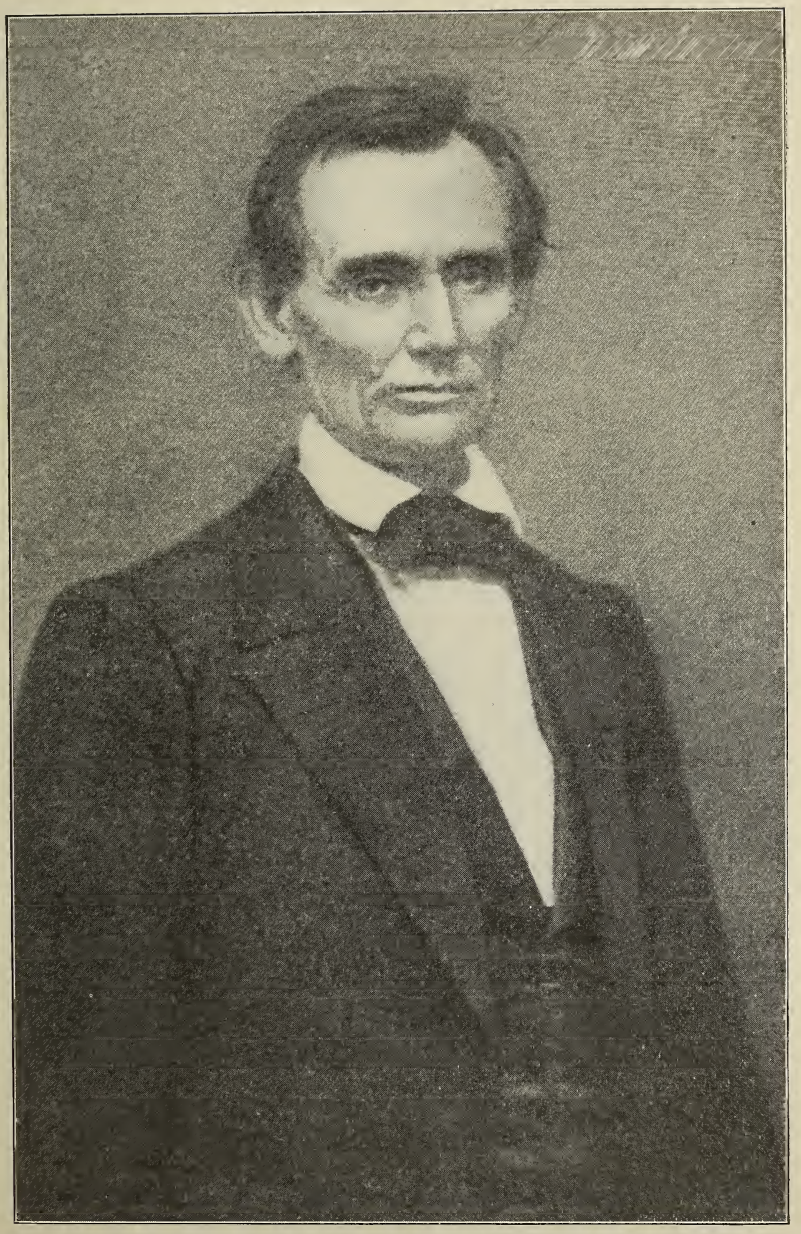
We are indebted to the following publishers for the selections used in telling the story of Grant's life:

Doubleday & McClure Co. Hamlin Garland's "U. S. Grant, His Life and Work."

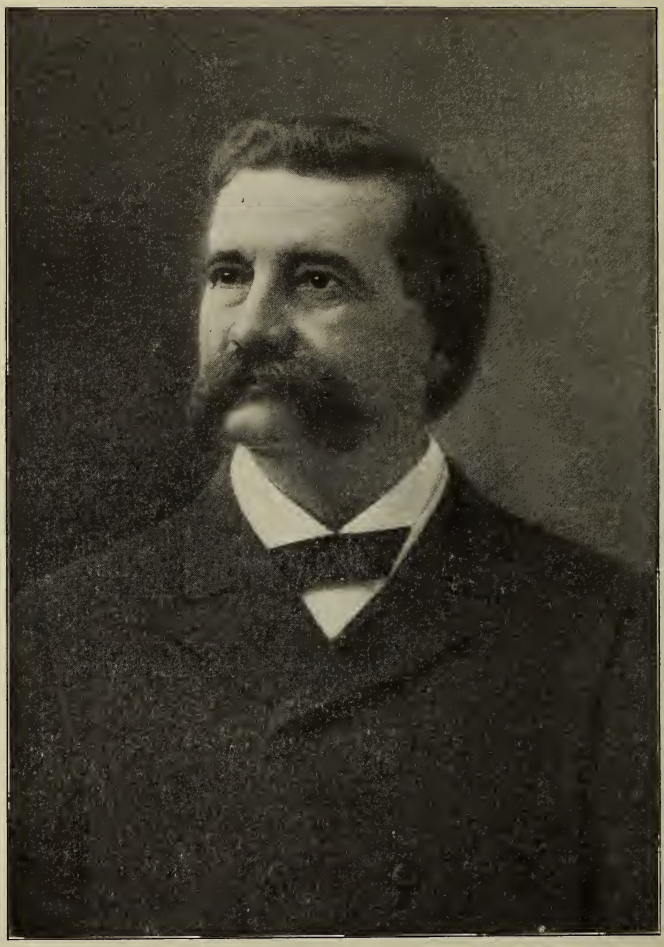
The American Publishing Co. A. D. Richardson's "Personal History of U. S. Grant."

Century Publishing Co. Horace Porter's "Campaigning with Grant."

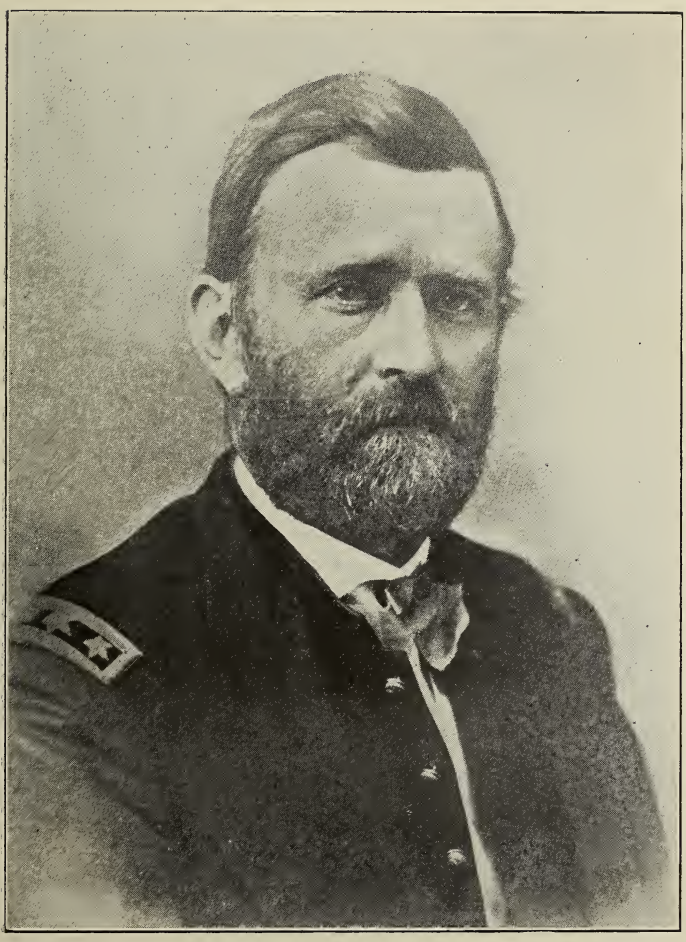
Proper acknowledgment is hereby made to the Illinois State Library and to the Illinois State Historical Library for their assistance in furnishing material for this annual.



Abraham Lincoln Before He was Elected President.



GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.



GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

Lieutenant Grant Off to the Mexican War.

GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT'S CHRONOLOGY.

1822. Born Point Pleasant, Ohio, April 27.
1839. Entered West Point Military Academy.
1843. Graduated from West Point.
1845. Entered the Mexican war.
1848. Married Miss Julia Dent, near St. Louis.
Was stationed at Detroit and at Sacket's Harbor, New York.
1852. Sent to the Pacific coast.
1854. Resigned from army.
Began farming near St. Louis.
1859. Entered real estate business in St. Louis.
1860. Employed in a leather store at Galena, Illinois.
1861. Entered the army as Colonel of the 21st Illinois regiment.
Promoted to Brigadier-General.
Stationed at Cairo, Illinois.
Seized Paducah, Ky.
Fought battle of Belmont, Mo.
1862. Captured Forts Henry and Donelson.
Won battle of Shiloh.
1863. Captured Vicksburg.
Made commander of the Western army.
Won the battle of Chattanooga.
1864. Made commander in chief of all the armies.
Took up his headquarters with the army of the East.
1865. Captured Lee's army, which practically closed the war.
1868. Elected President of the United States.
1872. Was re-elected.
1877. Began a trip around the world.
1884. Lost all his property by the rascality of a business partner.
1885. Wrote his Personal Memoir.
Died at Mt. McGregor, New York, July 23.

CAN'T.

How history repeats itself,
You'll say when you remember Grant,
Who, in his boyhood days, once sought
Throughout the lexicon for "can't."

He could not find the word that day,
The earnest boy whose name was Grant;
He never found it through long years,
With all their power to disenchant.

No hostile host could give him pause;
Rivers and mountains could not daunt;
He never found that hindering word—
The steadfast man whose name was Grant.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

DISPATCH TO WASHINGTON.

Before Spotssylvania Court House
May, 11, 1864.

"I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

U. S. Grant.

CHILDHOOD OF ULYSSES S. GRANT.

Ulysses S. Grant was born in a cabin home standing in a little village on the north bank of the Ohio river, at a point about twenty-five miles east of Cincinnati. This cabin stood comparatively unchanged up to the year 1885, when it was taken down and removed to Columbus as a relic.

It was a one-story building of two very small rooms, with an outside chimney at one end, in the manner of Southern cottages. In one room the family lived in the daytime, cooking at the big fire place, and eating at a pine table. In the other room they slept.

GRANT'S BIRTHPLACE, AT POINT PLEASANT, OHIO.

House in which Gen. Grant was born.

It was almost as humble in appearance as the home in which Abraham Lincoln first saw the light. The village was called Point Pleasant, and it was indeed a beautiful place. Below the door the Ohio river curved

away into the blue distance,and behind it rose hills covered with tall woods of oak and walnut and ash. At that time the river was the great highway, and over its steel-bright surface the stern-wheel steamers Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton plied amid many flat boats, like immense swans surrounded by awkward water-bugs.

Ulysses developed early into a self-reliant child, active and healthy. He came at the age of seven to a share in the work about the house and yard. He began to pick up chips and to carry in the wood for the big fire place, quite like the son of a farmer. He was called "Lys," or, in the soft drawl of the South, "Lyssus;" his playmates had not yet begun to find it worth while to tease him about his name. He had wonderful love for horses, and as soon as he could toddle he delighted to go out across the yard, where, at the hitching-poles before the finishing-room of the tannery, several teams were almost always to be found on pleasant days. He crawled about between the legs of the dozing horses, and swung by their tails in perfect content, till some timid mother near by rushed in to Mrs. Grant with excited outcry: "Mrs. Grant, do you know where your boy is? He's out there swinging on the tails of Loudon's horses!"

But Mrs. Grant never seemed to worry about Ulysses in the least. She was not one of those mothers whose maternal love casts a correspondingly deep shadow of agonizing fear. "When Ulysses was sick she gave him a dose of castor oil, put him to bed, and went calmly about her work, trusting in the Lord and the boy's constitution," one neighbor said.

Mrs. Grant saw that Ulysses understood horses, and that they understood him, so she interfered very little in his play with the teams across the way. She was too busy to have an eye on his restless activity.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

—From Grant, His Life and Character.

DOWN BUT NOT OUT.

One day in the spring of 1860 he met his friend Fishback on the street and stopped him. His appearance made a vivid and lasting impression on Fishback's mind. He was shabbily dressed, his beard was unshorn, and his whole manner denoted profound discouragement.

"Fishback, I would like to sell or hire one of my wife's house servants. She is an excellent woman, and has been in the family for many years, but she is a slave, and I can't take her North."

"So you are going North?"

"Yes," he replies, with a sigh; "I can't make a success of it here, and I am going to Galena. My father has offered me a place in the leather business with my brothers, and I have accepted."

Fishback declined to hire the slave woman, and the two men shook hands and parted, Fishback to resume his fight against slavery, Grant to go North to earn a scanty living. At this moment he touched the lowest depth of dejection since his resignation from the army. He had made a brave fight, but it had been against too great odds. As the heat of discussion waxed it became more difficult to maintain friendly relations with his neighbors.

His father-in-law was a grievance, with his invectives against the "Yankees"; and the time came when his friend Mr. and Mrs. Boggs shared so deeply in the growing sectionalism that they refused to take his hand.

It was a period of being despised of men and of lesser men—a time of uncertainty and futility. He was cut off from his own people, and little regarded by his brothers. He was a disappointment to them, for they knew very little of him personally, and had not sufficient insight to perceive that his education, and his adventurous and dramatic life in Mexico, on the Isthmus, and in California, had unfitted him for a stern, patient grapple with bread winning by office work in a time of business uncertainty and social unrest. It seemed as though the future promised only hunger and cold for him and his.

He acknowledged his inability to make a living in St. Louis and went to his father, an apparently defeated man. Regard for the wishes of his wife had led him to remain in the South longer than he otherwise would have done. She was Southern; naturally she did not care to go North. Now he told her that he must leave St. Louis, and, with a loyal resolution to share his fortunes to the end, Mrs. Grant consented.

"HARDSCRABBLE," THE FARM-HOUSE BUILT BY CAPTAIN U. S. GRANT IN 1855, NEAR ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

These were hard days, too, for Jesse Grant, who had long talked of "My Ulysses" and the great deeds he was to do. It seemed all a mistake now, in face of this grave, shabbily dressed, middle-aged man. Perhaps it was the quiet mother who softened the father's heart; at any rate, he "referred" Ulysses to his younger sons, Simpson and Orvil, who were in charge of a leather store, a branch of his business, in Galena,

Illinois. Through them Ulysses was to receive fifty dollars per month during the first year, and if he was found to be a valuable man at the end of the year he was to acquire an interest in the business.

Putting the best face on the matter does not make six hundred dollars per annum for a man with a family of six to feed a very long start toward a competency; but Captain Grant gratefully accepted the offer. There had never been any vaingloriousness in the youth of the man, and now he bowed his head to subordination without complaint. His wife and children must be fed.

Those dark days were days of preparation, of growth. In this six-year struggle great powers of thought, of reserve, of concentration, were developed. His conspicious weakness in certain directions made him watchful and kept him sympathetic. His poverty made him understand men. His life with slaves and slaveholders gave him the key to their motives and to their conception of the great slavery question. Thus far his life had been led midway between the South and the North. Geographically he was fitted to understand both sides of any sectional controversy. The black man he knew by personal contact. The slave owner he had known as neighbor. The enormous power of the "peculiar institution" had been a palpable presence all his life in Georgetown, in Louisiana, and in Missouri. Southern Ohio was only a little less pro-slavery than Gravois, Missouri.

He was now to come in contact with the conscience of the North. In the spring of 1860 he moved to Galena, Illinois.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

—From Grant, His Life and Character.

MANY MEET THE GODS, BUT FEW SALUTE THEM.

In 1861, when the guns of Sumter awoke the country, a resigned army captain, in his fortieth year, was living at Galena, Illinois. His civil life of seven years had been a hard struggle. Though healthy, temperate, and most industrious, he had found serious difficulty in supporting the wife and children to whom he was devotedly attached. He had failed as a farmer, and as a real estate agent, and was now clerk in his father's leather store, at a salary of eight hundred dollars per year.

He was hardly known to a hundred persons in the little city. His few intimates esteemed and loved him; but he seemed so out of place in the scramble of life, that even they regarded him with something of that patronizing sympathy which those who earn their bread and butter, feel for the "unpractical" who are baffled by that first problem of existence.

He had shown little interest in politics, and had never voted but once. Though a very close reader of the newspapers, he lacked the culture derived from books. In hours of leisure he wooed not history, philosophy, nor poetry, but euchre, whist and chess; smoking his clay pipe, and, between the games, relating incidents of the Mexican war and of garrison life in Oregon.

At the Military Academy he had been unnoticeable, and he graduated near the middle of a class which was by no means brilliant. His military life of eleven years gave no distinguishing promise. His reputation was very high for amiability, truthfulness and fair mindedness. While campaigning in Mexico, and while busy as a quartermaster both in Mexico and on the frontier, it was above the average for bravery, energy, and business efficiency; but in the idle routine of line captain during his last year in the army, and in the circumstances of his leaving it, this had been something marred.

And now when he offered his services to the Government, the adjutant-general did not even answer his letter; his native state Ohio had no commission for him, and the governor of his adopted Illinois gave him a half-clerical, half-advisory position, only on the persisting demands of two Galena gentlemen.

House in which the Grants Lived in Galena.

"Many meet the gods, but few salute them." The obscure ex-captain had reached middle life without much honor, either in his own country or anywhere else. Had he died then, he would have been remembered only as a pure, shy, kindly gentleman of moderate abilities.

He is singularly genuine and guileless. He still preserves in his high estate the sweetness and simplicity of his country boyhood. Altogether free from cant, his lips, obeying the teachings of his mother, have uttered no oath, been soiled by no coarseness. He is a miracle of serenity and self poise. During the terrors of Belmont, when an aide, with pallid cheeks, cried: "Why, General, we are surrounded!" there

was no perceptible change in his pleasant face or calm voice as he answered: "Then we will cut our way out." Nearly four years later, as he read Lee's dispatch proposing the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, he was equally unmoved; no elation shone in his face, or sounded in the ordinary tone in which he asked: "Well, General Rawlins, how do you think that will do?" "Tried by both extremes of fortune, and never disturbed by either," he remains as simple and unaffected today as in his years of poverty and obscurity.

Our war might have developed a leader profligate, corrupt, or uneasily ambitious, as so many great captains have been in the past. It gave us instead this pure, modest, simple-hearted man, who is loyal and admirable in private life, who loves himself last, and who believes most enthusiastically in the United States of America. Invincibility in war, magnanimity in victory, wisdom in civil government, and unselfishness in all things—what are these, if they be not greatness?

"What is writ is writ; would it were worthier."

It is the imperfect record of a life which carries a striking lesson of charity, of faith in human nature, of certainty that the highest talents may sleep undiscovered until opportunity comes, without which no man is great.

ALBERT D. RICHARDSON.

—*From Personal History of U. S. Grant.*

House Presented to Grant by the Citizens of Galena. Occupied it during First Campaign for Presidency.

A TURNING POINT.

(Grant wrote to the adjutant general at Washington offering his services, but the letter was not even answered. He went to Springfield, but the Governor had no command for him. He then went to Ohio, his native state, and called upon General George B. McClellan to ask for a place on his staff. The following is McClellan's statement and opinion of this event.)

I think it was during my absence on this very trip (to Indianapolis) that Grant came to Cincinnati to ask me, as an old acquaintance, to give him employment, or a place on my staff. Marcy or Seth Williams saw him and told him that if he would await my return, doubtless I would do something for him, but before I got back he was telegraphed that he could have a regiment in Illinois, and at once returned thither, so that I did not see him. This was his good luck; for had I been there I would no doubt have given him a place on my staff, and he would probably have remained with me and shared my fate.

General George B. McClellan.

GRANT TAKES COMMAND OF THE 21ST ILLINOIS.

It was Logan who accompanied Colonel Grant to the camp, and on the way out said:

"Colonel, the regiment is a little unruly. Do you think you can manage them?"

"I think I can," was the quiet reply.

In the amphitheater of the State fair grounds, which formed Camp Yates, they found the troops assembled like an audience, ready to enjoy and applaud the speeches of the famous orators, and incidentally to greet their new colonel.

McClernand spoke first. After a vigorous and florid speech teeming with historical allusion, he concluded: "Having said this much, allow me, Illinoisans, to present to you my friend and colleague in Congress, the Hon. John A. Logan. He is gifted with eloquence, and will rouse you to feel as the Athenians felt under the eloquence of Demosthenes. They asked to be immediately led against Philip."

Mr. Logan was greeted with cheers, and in the course of his address spoke of the vile partisan assaults which had been made on him, and urged that it was the private duty of every man to rally to the flag; and the loyalty of his audience rolled back in thunderous applause. He urged the regiment, when the time came to exchange their short time State service for enlistment in the national army, to move as one man.

"You can't fall out now," he said with a sudden change of tone. "If you go home now to Mary, she will say, 'Why, Tom, are you home from the war so soon?' 'Yes.' 'How far did you get?' 'Mattoon.'"

The sarcasm in his slurring utterance of the word "Mattoon" was answered by hearty laughter—laughter which turned many a holiday

militiaman into a resolute soldier. With a final appeal to their patriotism and valor, he introduced and led forward the imperturbed colonel, who had remained in changeless attitude for nearly two hours at the back of the platform.

"Allow me to present to you your new commander, Colonel U. S. Grant."

Many of the soldiers observed him for the first time, They were astonished and disappointed. Logan towered majestically erect, powerful, handsome, with coal-black hair and flashing eyes; by his side Grant, in plain citizen's clothes, seemed poor and weak. He looked like a grave and thoughtful doctor, who had been weather beaten in storms and saddened by scenes of human suffering, and was entirely lacking in martial bearing. However, some enthusiast raised a cheer, and there were loud calls for a speech.

"Grant! Grant!"

"Grant! A speech."

He walked a step or two toward them, and the men became silent. They were accustomed to speeches, to bombastic appeals, and were eager to test his quality. At last he spoke, not loud, but clear and calm, and with a peculiar quality and inflection which surprised and impressed every officer, and gave the whole regiment a new sensation:

"Men, go to your quarters."

The men sat dazed, astounded. It took time to grasp its entire significance. In the clip of this man's lips, in the clear cut utterance of his command, and in the subtle inflection of his voice was made manifest the natural commander of men. The time for oratory was past. The period of action had come.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

—From Grant His Life and Character.

DESCRIPTION OF GENERAL GRANT.

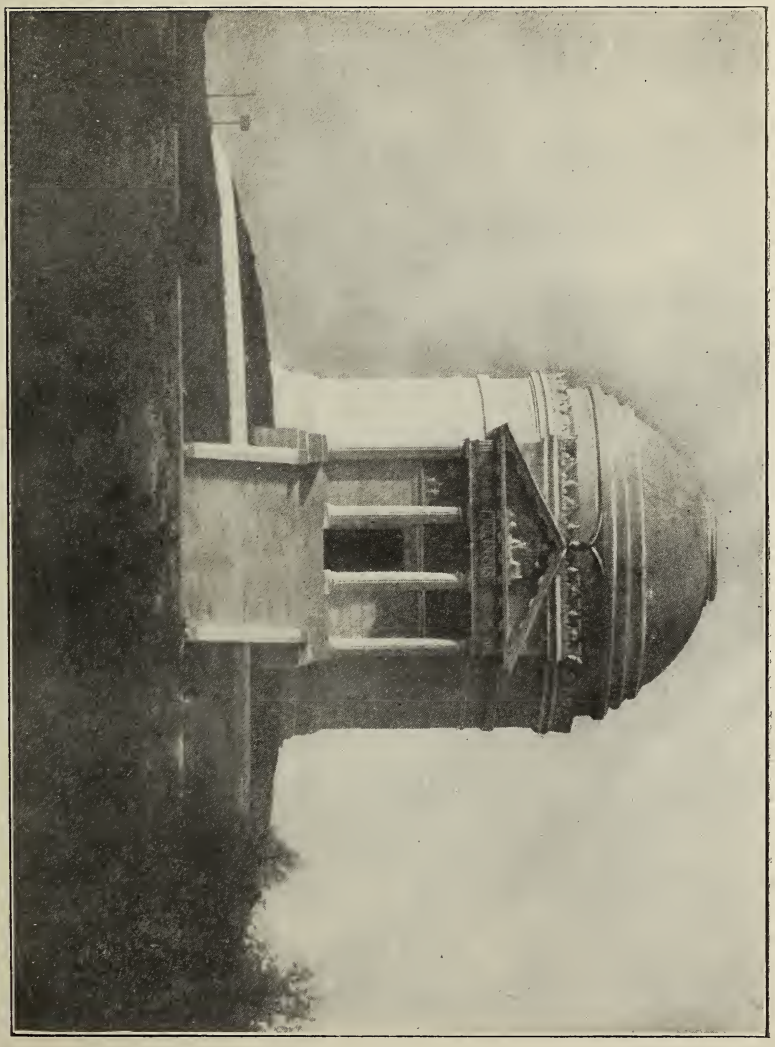
A description of General Grant's personal appearance at this important period of his career (1863) may not be out of place here, particularly as up to that time the public had received such erroneous impressions of him. There were then few correct portraits of him in circulation. Some of the earliest pictures purporting to be photographs of him had been manufactured when he was at the distant front, never stopping in one place long enough to be "focused." Nothing daunted, the practisers of this art which is the chief solace of the vain had photographed a burly beef contractor, and spread the pictures broadcast as representing the determined, but rather robust, features of the coming hero, and it was sometime before the real photographs which followed were believed to be genuine. False impressions of him were derived, too, from the fact that he had come forth from a country leather store, and was famous chiefly for striking sledge-hammer blows in the field, and conducting relentless pursuits of his foes through the swamps of the Southwest. He was pictured in the popular mind as striding about in the most approved swash-buckler style of melodrama. Many of us were not a little surprised to find in him a man of slim figure, slightly

GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

stooped, five feet eight inches in height, weighing only a hundred and thirty-five pounds, and of a modesty of mien and gentleness of manner which seemed to fit him more for the court than for the camp. His eyes were dark gray, and were the most expressive of his features. Like nearly all men who speak little, he was a good listener; but his face gave little indication of his thoughts, and it was the expression of his eyes which furnished about the only response to the speaker who conversed with him. When he was about to say anything amusing, there was always a perceptible twinkle in his eyes before he began to speak, and he often laughed heartily at a witty remark or a humorous incident. His mouth, like Washington's, was of the letter box shape, the contact of the lips forming a nearly horizontal line. This feature was of a pattern in striking contrast with that of Napoleon, who had a bow mouth, which looked as if it had been modeled after a front view of his cocked hat. The firmness with which the general's square shaped jaws were set when his features were in repose was highly expressive of his force of character and the strength of his will power. His hair and beard were of a chestnut-brown color. The beard was worn full, no part of the face being shaved, but, like the hair, was always kept closely and neatly trimmed. Like Cromwell, Lincoln and several other great men in history, he had a wart on his cheek. In his case it was small, and located on the right side just above the line of the beard. His face was not perfectly symmetrical, the left eye being a little lower than the right. His brow was high, broad, and rather square, and was creased with several horizontal wrinkles, which helped to emphasize the serious and somewhat careworn look which was never absent from his countenance. This expression, however, was in no wise an indication of his nature, which was always bouyant, cheerful, and hopeful. His voice was exceedingly musical, and one of the clearest in sound and most distinct in utterance that I have ever heard. It had a singular power of penetration, and sentences spoken by him in an ordinary tone in camp could be heard at a distance which was surprising. His gait in walking might have been called decidedly unmilitary. He never carried his body erect, and having no ear for music or rhythm, he never kept step to the airs played by the bands, no matter how vigorously the bass drums emphasized the accent. When walking in company there was no attempt to keep step with others. In conversing he usually employed only two gestures; one was the stroking of his chin beard with his left hand; the other was the raising and lowering of his right hand, and resting it at intervals upon his knee or a table, the hand being held with the fingers close together and the knuckles bent, so that the back of the hand and fingers formed a right angle. When not pressed by any matter of importance he was often slow in his movements, but when roused to activity he was quick in every motion, and worked with marvelous rapidity. He was civil to all who came in contact with him, and never attempted to snub any one, or treat anybody with less consideration on account of his inferiority in rank. With him there was none of the puppyism so often bred by power, and none of the dogmatism which Samuel Johnson characterized as puppyism grown to maturity.

HORACE PORTER.

—From Campaigning with Grant.



The Illinois Monument at Vicksburg.

RUNNING THE BATTERIES AT VICKSBURG.

(Judge J. W. Wilkin, a member of the Illinois Supreme Court, was a member of Grant's staff. In a paper read before the State Historical Society he thus describes his chief as he saw him the night when the boats ran by the batteries to get below Vicksburg.)

I will not forget that night, as I saw the Tigress, followed by her five companions, glide by the Van Phul, and saw standing on the upper deck of his headquarters' boat a man of iron, his wife by his side. He seemed to me the most immovable figure I ever saw. If the expression, "the silent man" ever described him, it did at that hour. No word escaped his lips, no muscle of his earnest face moved. He was indeed silent as the tomb and immovable as granite. As the fleet approached the upper batteries, the rebel picket boat on guard gave the signal, and instantly battery after battery opened upon the frail, defenseless transports. To say that we were all excited but feebly describes the situation. The excitement and commotion was, however, of that suppressed character which intensifies rather than conceals emotion. Conversations were carried on with bated breath of deepest anxiety and apprehension for our friends who were floating, as we feared, to certain death. Men were nervously moving about the boat, straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of the heroic fleet and the gallant men on board. Grant alone appeared oblivious to everything that was going on. Think of it! Upon the success of that expedition, for the time being at least, hung the fate of all his plans for the capture of Vicksburg. If those boats failed to reach the army below, it would be without provisions, without forage; and still worse, without adequate means of crossing the river and gaining the necessary footing on the east side. If the boats were sent to the bottom, as the rebels confidently hoped they would be, thirty thousand men or more would be helpless upon the west side of the river. And yet, on that eventful night when the crucial test was about to be made, no one could have detected in the appearance or conduct of the man a moment of hesitation, doubt or misgiving.

FIRST MEETING OF GRANT AND LINCOLN.

(It is an interesting fact that Grant entered the army in the most humble way, having no friends to help him to secure a place, yet he rose rapidly not only without the aid of the powerful but against their opposition, to a point where it was clear that he was the man to end the great war. That the first meeting with the President occurred after he had been placed in supreme command of all the armies shows how extraordinary were his services.)

Although these two historical characters had never met before, Mr. Lincoln recognized the general at once from the pictures he had seen of him. With a face radiant with delight, he advanced rapidly two or three steps toward his distinguished visitor, and cried out: "Why, here is General Grant! Well, this is a great pleasure, I assure you," at the same time seizing him by the hand, and shaking it for several minutes with a vigor which showed the extreme cordiality of the welcome.

The scene now presented was deeply impressive. Standing face to face for the first time were the two illustrious men whose names will always be inseparably associated in connection with the war of the rebellion. Grant's right hand grasped the lapel of his coat; his head was bent slightly forward, and his eyes upturned toward Lincoln's face. The President, who was eight inches taller, looked down with beaming countenance upon his guest. Although their appearance, their training, and their characteristics were in striking contrast, yet the two men had many traits in common, and there were numerous points of resemblance in their remarkable careers. Each was of humble origin, and had been compelled to learn the first lessons of life in the severe school of adversity. Each had risen from the people, possessed an abiding confidence in them, and always retained a deep hold upon their affections. Each might have said to those who were inclined to sneer at his plain origin what a marshal of France, who had risen from the ranks to a dukedom, said to the hereditary nobles who attempted to snub him in Vienna: "I am an ancestor; you are only descendants." In a great crisis of their country's history both had entered the public service from the same State. Both were conspicious for the possession of that most uncommon of all virtues, common sense. Both despised the arts of the demagogue, and shrank from posing for effect, or indulging in mock heroics. Even when their characteristics differed, they only served to supplement each other, and to add a still greater strength to the cause for which they strove. With hearts too great for rivalry, with souls untouched by jealousy, they lived to teach the world that it is time to abandon the path of ambition when it becomes so narrow that two cannot walk it abreast.

HORACE PORTER.

—*From Campaigning with Grant.*

GRANT'S ACCOUNT OF THE MEETING WITH LINCOLN.

He then spoke of his experiences with Mr. Lincoln, and the very favorable impression the President had made upon him. He said: "In the first interview I had with the President, when no others were present, and he could talk freely, he told me that he did not pretend to know anything about the handling of the troops, and it was with the greatest reluctance that he ever interfered with the movements of army commanders; but he had common sense enough to know that celerity was absolutely necessary; that while armies were sitting down waiting for opportunities to turn up which might, perhaps, be more favorable from a strictly military point of view, the government was spending millions of dollars every day; that there was a limit to the sinews of war, and a time might be reached when the spirits and resources of the people would become exhausted. He had always contended that these considerations should be taken into account, as well as purely military questions, and that he adopted the plan of issuing his 'executive orders' principally for the purpose of hurrying the movements of commanding generals; but that he believed I knew the value of minutes, and that he was not going to interfere with my operations.

He said, further, that he did not want to know my plans; that it was, perhaps, better that he should not know them, for everybody he met was trying to find out from him something about the contemplated movements, and there was always a temptation 'to leak.' I have not communicated my plans to him or to the Secretary of War. The only suggestion the President made, and it was merely a suggestion, not a definite plan, was entirely impracticable, and it was not again referred to in our conversations. He told me in our first private interview a most amusing anecdote regarding a delegation of 'cross-roads Wiseacres,' as he called them, who came to see him one day to criticize my conduct in paroling Pemberton's army after the surrender at Vicksburg, who insisted that the men would violate their paroles, and in less than a month confront me anew in the field, and have to be whipped all over again. Said Mr. Lincoln: 'I thought the best way to get rid of them was to tell them the story of Sykes's dog. 'Have you ever heard of Sykes's yellow dog?' said I to the spokesman of the delegation. He said he hadn't. 'Well, I must tell you about him,' said I. 'Sykes had a yellow dog he set great store by, but there were a lot of small boys around the village, and that's always a bad thing for dogs, you know. These boys didn't share Sykes's views and they were not disposed to let the dog have a fair show. Even Sykes had to admit that the dog was getting unpopular; in fact, it was soon seen that a prejudice was growing up against that dog that threatened to wreck all his future prospects in life. The boys, after meditating how they could get the best of him, finally fixed up a cartridge with a long fuse, put the cartridge in a piece of meat, dropped the meat in the road in front of Sykes's door, and then perched themselves on a fence a good distance off, holding the end of the fuse in their hands. Then they whistled for the dog. When he came out he scented the bait, and bolted the meat, cartridge and all. The boys touched off the fuse with a cigar, and in about a second a report came from that dog that sounded like a clap of thunder. Sykes came bouncing out of the house, and yelled, 'What's up? Anything busted?' There was no reply, except a snicker from the small boys roosting on the fence, but as Sykes looked up he saw the whole air filled with pieces of yellow dog. He picked up the biggest piece he could find, a portion of the back with a part of the tail hanging to it, and after turning it around and looking it all over, he said, 'Well, I guess he'll never be much account again as a dog.' And I guess Pemberton's forces will never be much account again as an army.' The delegation began looking around for their hats before I had quite got to the end of my story, but I was never bothered any more after that about superseding the commander of the Army of the Tennessee."

The general related this anecdote with more animation than he usually displayed, and with the manifestation of a keen sense of the humorous, and remarked afterward, "But no one who does not possess the President's unequaled powers of mimicry can pretend to convey an idea of the amusing manner in which he told the story."

HORACE PORTER.

—From Campaigning with Grant.

KEY TO GRANT'S SUCCESS.

A general officer came in from his command at this juncture, and said to the general-in-chief, speaking rapidly and laboring under considerable excitement: "General Grant, this is a crisis that cannot be looked upon too seriously. I know Lee's methods well by past experience; he will throw his whole army between us and the Rapidan, and cut us off completely from our communications." The general rose to his feet, took his cigar out of his mouth, turned to the officer, and replied, with a degree of animation which he seldom manifested: "Oh, I am heartily tired of hearing about what Lee is going to do. Some of you always seem to think he is suddenly going to turn a double somersault, and land in our rear and on both of our flanks at the same time. Go back to your command, and try to think what we are going to do ourselves, instead of what Lee is going to do." The officer retired rather crestfallen, and without saying a word in reply. This recalls a very pertinent criticism regarding his chief once made in my presence by General Sherman. He said: "Grant always seemed pretty certain to win when he went into a fight with anything like equal numbers. I believe the chief reason why he was more successful than others was that while they were thinking so much about what the enemy was going to do, Grant was thinking all the time about what he was going to do himself."

HORACE PORTER.

—*From Campaigning with Grant.*

GRANT'S GENTLENESS TOWARD A PRISONER OF WAR.

Meade had come over to Grant's headquarters early, and while they were engaged in discussing the situation, about 6:30 a. m., a horseman rode up wearing the uniform of a Confederate general. Halting near the camp-fire, he dismounted and walked forward, saluting the group of Union officers as he approached. His clothing was covered with mud, and a hole had been torn in the crown of his felt hat, through which a tuft of hair protruded, looking like a Sioux chief's warlock. Meade looked at him attentively for a moment, and then stepped up to him, grasped him cordially by the hand, and cried, "Why, how do you do, General!" and then turned to the general-in-chief said, "General Grant, this is General Johnson—Edward Johnson." General Grant shook hands warmly with the distinguished prisoner, and exclaimed: "How do you do. It is a long time since we last met." "Yes," replied Johnson; "it is a great many years, and I had not expected to meet you under such circumstances." "It is one of the many sad fortunes of war," answered General Grant, who offered the captured officer a cigar, and then picked up a camp chair, placed it with his own hands near the fire, and added: "Be seated, and we will do all in our power to make you as comfortable as possible." Johnson sat down, and said in a voice and with a manner which showed that he was deeply touched by these manifestations of courtesy: "Thank you, general, thank you; you are very kind." He had been in the corps of cadets

with General Meade, and had served in the Mexican war with General Grant, but they probably would not have recognized him if they had not already heard that he had been made a prisoner. I had known Johnson very well, and it was only four years since I had seen him. We recognized each other at once, and I extended a cordial greeting to him, and presented the members of our staff. He was soon quite at his ease, and bore himself under the trying circumstances in a manner which commanded the respect of every one present. General Hancock had already provided him with a horse to make his trip to the rear with the rest of the prisoners as comfortably as possible. After some pleasant conversation with Grant and Meade about old times and the strange chances of war, he bade us good-bye, and started under escort for our base of supplies. General George H. Steuart was also captured, but was not sent into general headquarters on account of a scene which had been brought about by an unseemly exhibition of temper on his part. Hancock had known him in the old army, and in his usual frank way went up to him, greeted him kindly, and offered his hand. Steuart drew back, rejected the offer, and said rather haughtily: "Under the present circumstances, I must decline to take your hand." Hancock, who was somewhat nettled by this remark, replied: "Under any other circumstances, general, I should not have offered it." No further attempt was made to extend any courtesies to his prisoner, who was left to make his way to the rear on foot with the others who had been captured.

HORACE PORTER.

—From Campaigning with Grant.

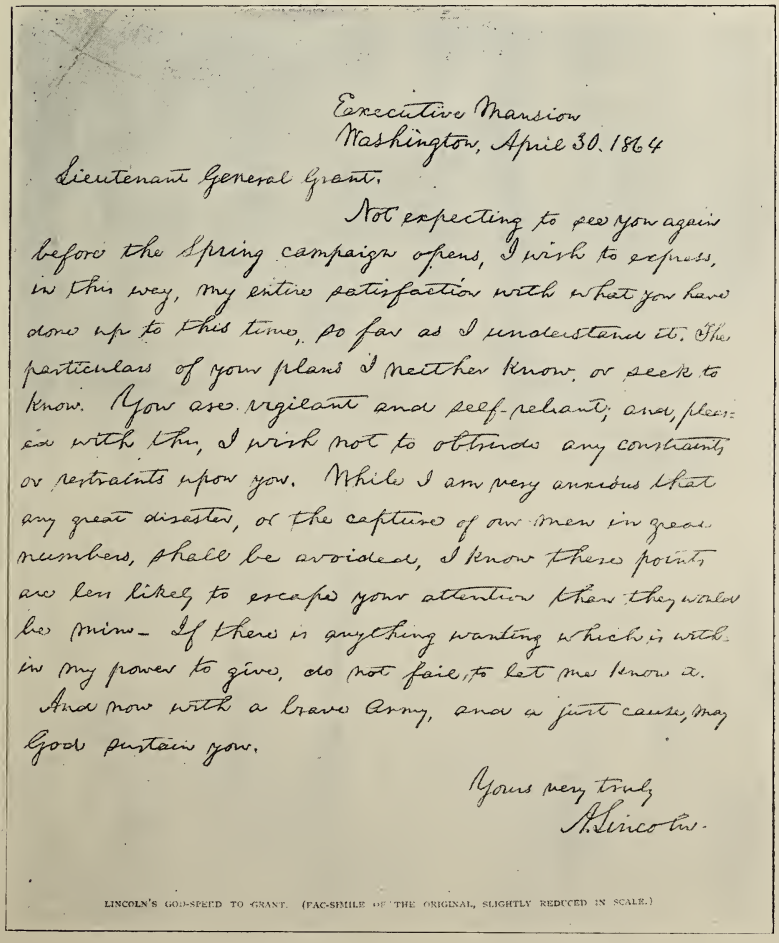
GRANT AND STONEWALL JACKSON.

While our people were putting up the tents and making preparations for supper, General Grant strolled over to a house near by, owned by a Mr. Chandler, and sat down on the porch. I accompanied him, and took a seat beside him. In a few minutes a lady came to the door, and was surprised to find that the visitor was the general-in-chief. He was always particularly civil to ladies, and he rose to his feet at once, took off his hat, and made a courteous bow. She was ladylike and polite in her behavior, and she and the general soon became engaged in a pleasant talk. Her conversation was exceedingly entertaining. She said, among other things: "This house has witnessed some sad scenes. One of our greatest generals died here just a year ago—General Jackson —Stonewall Jackson of blessed memory." "Indeed!" remarked General Grant. "He and I were at West Point together for a year, and we served in the same army in Mexico." "Then you must have known how good and great he was," said the lady. "Oh, yes," replied the general: "he was a sterling, manly cadet, and enjoyed the respect of everyone who knew him. He was always of a religious turn of mind, and a plodding, hard-working student. His standing was at first very low in his class, but by his indomitable energy he managed to graduate quite high. He was a gallant soldier and a Christian gentleman, and I can understand fully the admiration your people have for him."

"They brought him here the Monday after the battle of Chancellorville," she continued. "You probably know, sir, that he had been wounded in the left arm and right hand by his own men, who fired upon him accidentally in the night, and his arm had been amputated on the field. The operation was very successful, and he was getting along nicely; but the wet applications made to the wound brought on pneumonia, and it was that which caused his death. He lingered until the next Sunday afternoon, May 10th, and then he was taken from us." Here the lady of the house became very much affected, and almost broke down in recalling the sad event.

HORACE PORTER.

—From Campaigning with Grant.



Executive Mansion
Washington, April 30. 1864

Lieutenant General Grant.

Not expecting to see you again before the Spring campaign opens, I wish to express, in this way, my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know or seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant; and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any constraints or restraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster, or the capture of our men in great numbers, shall be avoided, I know there points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine. If there is anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it.

And now with a brave Army, and a just cause, may God sustain you.

Yours very truly
A. Lincoln.

LINCOLN'S GOD-SPEED TO GRANT. (FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL, SLIGHTLY REDUCED IN SCALE.)

GRANT'S AMBITION.

(The people who wished to belittle General Grant called him a butcher. The facts were that he went to West Point against his will. He disliked a soldier's life so much that he never rose to any distinction as a cadet; taking so little interest in soldierly conduct. He resigned from the regular army to become a farmer. He cared nothing for display in uniform, did not have a soldier's bearing, could not look upon the dead and wounded without shuddering. He hated war and longed for a life of peace and comfort with his family.)

"I am looking forward longingly to the time when we can end this war, and I can settle down on my St. Louis farm and raise horses. I love to train young colts, and I will invite you all to visit me and take a hand in the amusement. When old age comes on, and I get too feeble to move about, I expect to derive my chief pleasure from sitting in a big arm-chair in the center of a ring—a sort of training course—holding a colt's leading line in my hand, and watching him run around the ring." He little foresaw that a torturing disease was to cut short his life before he could realize his cherished hopes of enjoying the happiness of the peaceful old age which he anticipated.

No warrior was ever more anxious for peace, and all of the General's references to the pending strife evinced his constant longing for the termination of the struggle upon terms which would secure forever the integrity of the Union. When he prepared his letter of acceptance of his first nomination for the Presidency, he wrote no random phrase, but expressed the genuine sentiments of his heart, when he said, "Let us have peace."

HORACE PORTER.

—From Campaigning with Grant.

WHY GRANT NEVER SWORE.

While sitting with him at the camp fire late one night, after every one else had gone to bed, I said to him: "General, it seems singular that you have gone through all the rough and tumble of army service and frontier life, and have never been provoked into swearing. I have never heard you utter an oath or use an imprecation." "Well, somehow or other, I never learned to swear," he replied. "When a boy I seemed to have an aversion to it, and when I became a man I saw the folly of it. I have always noticed, too, that swearing helps to rouse a man's anger; and when a man flies into a passion his adversary who keeps cool always gets the better of him. In fact, I could never see the use of swearing. I think it is the case with many people who swear excessively that it is a mere habit, and that they do not mean to be profane, but, to say the least, it is a great waste of time."

HORACE PORTER.

—From Campaigning with Grant.

GIVES HIS PURSE TO HIS ENEMY.

General Grant never mentioned, however, one incident in connection with the battle of Donelson, and no one ever heard of it until it was related by his opponent in that battle, General Buckner. In a speech made by that officer at a banquet given in New York on the anniversary of General Grant's birthday, April 27, 1889, he said: "* * * * Under these circumstances, sir, I surrendered to General Grant. I had at a previous time befriended him, and it has been justly said that he never forgot an act of kindness. I met him on the boat, and he followed me when I went to my quarters. He left the officers of his own army and followed me, with that modest manner peculiar to himself, into the shadow, and there tendered me his purse. It seems to me, Mr. Chairman, that in the modesty of his nature he was afraid the light would witness that act of generosity, and sought to hide if from the world. We can appreciate that, sir."

HORACE PORTER.
—*From Campaigning with Grant.*

GRANT SAVES A MAN'S LIFE.

Mr. Washburne was assigned quarters in camp next to General Grant. The next day was Sunday. The congressman was the first one up, and when he went to shave he found there was no looking glass in his quarters; so he stepped across to the General's office in his shirt sleeves, and finding a glass there, proceeded to lather his face and prepare for the delicate operation of removing his beard. Just as he had taken hold of his nose with his left thumb and forefinger, which he had converted into a sort of clothes pin for the occasion, and had scraped a wide swath down his right cheek with the razor, the front door of the hut was suddenly burst open, and a young woman rushed in, fell on her knees at his feet, and cried: "Save him! oh, save him! He's my husband." The distinguished member of Congress was so startled by the sudden apparition that it was with difficulty that he avoided disfiguring his face with a large gash. He turned to the intruder, and said: "What's all this about your husband? Come, get up, get up, I don't understand you." "Oh, General, for God's sake, do save my husband!" continued the woman. "Why, my good woman, I'm not General Grant," the congressman insisted. "Yes, you are, they told me this was your room. Oh, save him, General; they're to shoot him this very day for desertion if you don't stop them." Mr. Washbourne now began to take in the situation, and led the woman to a seat, and tried to comfort her, while she began to tell how her young husband had been led, through his fondness for her, to desert in order to go home and see her, and how he had been captured and courtmartialed, and was to be executed that day, and how she had heard of it only in time to reach headquarters that morning to plead for his life. By this time the general was up, and hearing from his sleeping apartment an excited conversation in the front room, dressed hurriedly, and stepped upon the scene in time to hear the burden of the woman's story. The spectacle presented partook

decidedly of the serio-comic. The dignified member of Congress was standing in his shirt sleeves in front of the pleading woman, his face covered with lather, except the swath which had been made down his right cheek; the razor was uplifted in his hand, and the tears were starting out of his eyes as his sympathies began to be worked upon. The woman was screaming and gesticulating frantically, and was almost hysterical with grief. I appeared at the front door about the same time the General entered from the rear, and it was hard to tell whether one ought to laugh or cry at the sight presented. The General now took a hand in the matter, convinced the woman that he was the commanding general, assured her that he would take steps at once to have her husband reprieved and pardoned, and sent her away rejoicing. His interposition saved the man's life just in the nick of time. He cracked many a joke with Mr. Washbourne afterwards about the figure he cut on the morning of the occurrence.

HORACE PORTER.

—From Campaigning with Grant.

THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE.

General Grant mounted the steps and entered the house. As he stepped into the hall, Colonel Babcock, who had seen his approach from the window opened the door of the room on the left, in which he had been sitting with General Lee and Colonel Marshall awaiting General Grant's arrival. The General passed in, and as Lee arose and stepped forward, Grant extended his hand, saying, "General Lee," and the two shook hands cordially. The members of the staff, General Sheridan and Ord, and some other general officers who had gathered in the front yard, remained outside, feeling that General Grant would probably prefer his first interview with General Lee to be, in a measure, private. In a few minutes Colonel Babcock came to the front door, and, making a motion with his hat toward the sitting room, said: "The General says come in." It was then about half past one on Sunday, the 9th of April. We entered, and found General Grant seated in an old office arm chair in the center of the room, and Lee sitting in a plain arm chair with a cane seat beside a square, marble-topped table near the front window, in the corner opposite the door by which we entered, and facing General Grant. Colonel Marshall was standing at his left, with his right elbow resting upon the mantel piece. We walked in softly, and ranged ourselves quietly about the sides of the room, very much as people enter a sick chamber when they expect to find the patient dangerously ill. Some found seats on the sofa standing against the wall between the two doors and on the few plain chairs which constituted the furniture, but most of the party stood.

The contrast between the two commanders was singularly striking, and could not fail to attract marked attention as they sat, six or eight feet apart, facing each other. General Grant, then nearly forty-three years of age, was five feet eight inches in height, with shoulders slightly stooped. His hair and full beard were nut brown, without a trace of gray in them. He had on his single-breasted blouse of dark-blue

*1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11

General Lee Surrenders to General Grant, Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

*NOTE—Key to the picture. The figures refer to persons in the front row.

1. Major-General George A. Custer. 2. Colonel Theodore S. Bowers. 3. Major-General Edward O. C. Ord. 4. Major-General Philip H. Sheridan. 5. Colonel Horace Porter. 6. Brigadier-General John A. Rawlins, (Chief-of-Staff). 7. Colonel Ely S. Parker. 8. Lieutenant-General Ulysses S. Grant. 9. General Robert E. Lee. 10. Colonel Charles Marshall, A. D. C. and Military Secretary to General Lee. 11. Colonel Orville E. Babcock.

flannel, unbuttoned in front and showing a waistcoat underneath. He wore an ordinary pair of top boots, with his trousers inside, and was without spurs. The boots and portions of his clothes were spattered with mud. He had worn a pair of thread gloves of a dark-yellow color, which he had taken off on entering the room. His felt, "sugar-loaf," stiff-brimmed hat was resting on his lap. He had no sword or sash, and a pair of shoulder straps was all there was about him to designate his rank. In fact, aside from these, his uniform was that of a private soldier.

Lee, on the other hand, was six feet and one inch in height, and erect for one of his age, for he was Grant's senior by sixteen years. His hair and full beard were a silver gray, and thick, except that the hair had become a little thin in front. He wore a new uniform of Confederate gray, buttoned to the throat, and a handsome sword and sash. The sword was of exceedingly fine workmanship, and the hilt was studded with jewels. It had been presented to him by some ladies in England who sympathized with the cause he represented. His top boots were comparatively new, and had on them near the top some ornamental stitching of red silk. Like his uniform, they were clean. On the boots were handsome spurs with large rowels. A felt hat which in color matched pretty closely that of his uniform, and a pair of long, gray buckskin gauntlets, lay beside him on the table. We endeavored afterward to learn how it was that he wore such fine clothes, and looked so much as if he had turned out to go to church that Sunday afternoon, while with us our outward garb scarcely rose to the dignity even of the "shabby-genteel." One explanation was that when his headquarters wagons had been pressed so closely by our cavalry a few days before, it was found that his officers would have to destroy all their baggage, except the clothes they carried on their backs; and each one naturally selected the newest suit he had, and sought to propitiate the god of destruction by a sacrifice of his second best. Another reason given was that, in deference to General Grant, General Lee had dressed himself with special care for the purpose of the meeting.

Grant began the conversation by saying: "I met you once before, General Lee, while we were serving in Mexico, when you came over from General Scott's headquarters to visit Garland's brigade, to which I then belonged. I have always remembered your appearance, and I think I should have recognized you anywhere." "Yes," replied General Lee; "I know I met you on that occasion, and I have often thought of it, and tried to recollect how you looked, but I have never been able to recall a single feature." After some further mention of Mexico, General Lee said; "I suppose, General Grant, that the object of our present meeting is fully understood. I asked to see you to ascertain upon what terms you would receive the surrender of my army." General Grant replied: "The terms I proposed are those stated substantially in my letter of yesterday, that is, the officers and men surrendered to be paroled and disqualified from taking up arms again until properly exchanged, and all arms, ammunition and supplies to be delivered up as captured property." Lee nodded an assent, and said: "Those are about the conditions which I expected would

be proposed." General Grant then continued: "Yes; I think our correspondence indicated pretty clearly the action that would be taken at our meeting, and I hope it may lead to a general suspension of hostilities, and be the means of preventing any further loss of life."

Lee inclined his head as indicating his accord with this wish, and General Grant then went on to talk at some length in a very pleasant vein about the prospects of peace. Lee was evidently anxious to proceed to the formal work of the surrender, and he brought the subject up again by saying:

"I presume, General Grant, we have both carefully considered the proper steps to be taken, and I would suggest that you commit to writing the terms you have proposed, so that they may be formally acted upon."

Statute of General Grant at Galena.

"Very well," replied Grant; "I will write them out." And calling for his manifold order book, he opened it, layed it on a small oval wooden table which Colonel Parker brought to him from the rear of the room, and proceeded to write the terms. The leaves had been so prepared that three impressions of the writing were made. He wrote very rapidly, and did not pause until he had finished the sentence ending with "officers appointed by me to receive them." Then he looked toward Lee, and his eyes seemed to be resting on the handsome sword

that hung at that officer's side. He said afterwards that this set him to thinking that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to require the officers to surrender their swords, and a great hardship to deprive them of their personal baggage and horses; and after a short pause he wrote the sentence: "This will not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage."

When he had finished the letter he called Colonel Parker to his side and looked it over with him, and directed him as he went along to interline six or seven words, and to strike out the word "their," which had been repeated. When this had been done the General took the manifold writer in his right hand, extended his arm toward Lee, and started to rise from his chair to hand the book to him. As I was standing equally distant from them, with my back to the front window, I stepped forward, took the book, and passed it to General Lee. The terms were as follows:

APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VA.,
April 9, 1865.

General R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.:

GENERAL—In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to-wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly (exchanged), and each company or regimental commander to sign a life parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside.

Very respectfully,
U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

Lee pushed aside some books and two brass candle sticks which were on the table, then took the book and laid it down before him, while he drew from his pocket a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, and wiped the glasses carefully with his handkerchief. He crossed his legs, adjusted the spectacles very slowly and deliberately, took up the draft of the terms, and proceeded to read them attentively. They consisted of two pages. When he reached the top of the second page, he looked up, and said to General Grant: "After the words 'until properly' the word 'exchanged' seems to be omitted. You doubtless intended to use that word."

"Why, yes," said Grant; "I thought I had put in the word 'exchanged.'"

"I presumed it had been omitted inadvertently," continued Lee; "and, with your permission, I will mark where it should be inserted."

"Certainly," Grant replied.

Lee felt in his pocket as if searching for a pencil, but he did not seem to be able to find one. Seeing this I handed him my lead pencil. During the rest of the interview he kept twirling this pencil in his fingers and occasionally tapping the top of the table with it. When he handed

it back, it was carefully treasured by me as a memento of the occasion. When Lee came to the sentence about the officers' side arms, private horses, and baggage, he showed for the first time during the reading of the letter a slight change of countenance, and was evidently touched by this act of generosity. It was doubtless the condition mentioned to which he particularly alluded when he looked toward General Grant, as he finished reading, and said with some degree of warmth in his manner, "This will have a very happy effect upon my army."

General Grant then said: "Unless you have some suggestions to make in regard to the form in which I have stated the terms, I will have a copy of the letter made in ink and sign it."

"There is one thing I should like to mention," Lee replied, after a short pause. "The cavalrymen and artillerists owned their own horses in our army. Its organization in this respect differs from that of the United States." This expression attracted the notice of all officers present, as showing how firmly the conviction was grounded in his mind that we were two distinct countries. He continued: "I should like to understand whether these men will be permitted to retain their horses."

"You will find that the terms as written do not allow this," replied General Grant; "only the officers are permitted to take their private property."

Lee read over the second page of the letter again, and then said: "No, I see the terms do not allow it; that is clear." His face showed plainly that he was quite anxious to have this concession made; and Grant said very promptly, and without giving Lee time to make a direct request:

"Well, the subject is quite new to me. Of course I did not know that any private soldiers owned their animals; but I think we have fought the last battle of the war—I sincerely hope so—and that the surrender of this army will be followed soon by that of all others; and I take it that most of the men in the ranks are small farmers, and as the country has been so raided by the two armies, it is doubtful whether they will be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they are now riding, and I will arrange it in this way; I will not change the terms as now written, but I will instruct the officers I shall appoint to receive the paroles to let all the men who claim to own a horse or a mule take the animals home with them to work their little farms." (This expression has been quoted in various forms, and has been the subject of some dispute. I give the exact words used.)

Lee now looked greatly relieved, and though anything but a demonstrative man, he gave every evidence of his appreciation of this concession, and said: "This will have the best possible effect upon the men. It will be very gratifying, and will do much toward conciliating our people." He handed the draft of the terms back to General Grant, who called Colonel T. S. Bowers of the staff to him, and directed him to make a copy in ink. Bowers was a little nervous, and he turned the matter over to Colonel Parker, whose handwriting presented a better appearance than that of anyone else in the staff. Parker sat down to

write at the oval table, which he had moved again to the rear of the room. Wilmer McLean's domestic resources in the way of ink now became the subject of a searching investigation but it was found that the contents of the conical-shaped stoneware ink stand with a paper stopper which he produced appeared to be participating in the general breaking up, and had disappeared. Colonel Marshall now came to the rescue, and took form his pocket a small boxwood ink stand, which was put at Parker's service, so that, after all, we had to fall back upon the resources of the enemy to furnish the "stage properties" for the final scene in the memorable military drama.

Colonel Marshall then took a seat on the sofa beside Sheridan and Ingalls. When the terms had been copied, Lee directed his military secretary to draw up for his signature a letter of acceptance. Colonel Marshall wrote out a draft of such a letter, making it formal, beginning with, "I have the honor to acknowledge," etc. General Lee took it, and after reading it over carefully, directed that these formal expressions be stricken out and that the letter be otherwise shortened. He afterwards went over it again, and seemed to change some words, and then told the Colonel to make a final copy in ink. When it came to providing the paper, it was found that we had the only supply of that important ingredient in the recipe for surrendering an army, so we gave a few pages to the Colonel. The letter when completed read as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 9, 1865.

GENERAL—I have received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL, U. S. GRANT,
Commanding Armies of U. S.

While the letters were being copied, General Grant introduced the general officers who had entered, and each member of the staff, to General Lee. The General shook hands with General Seth Williams, who had been his adjutant when Lee was superintendent at West Point some years before the war, and gave his hand to some of the other officers who had extended theirs; but to most of those who were introduced he merely bowed in a dignified and formal manner. He did not exhibit the slightest change of features during this ceremony until Colonel Parker of our staff was presented to him. Parker being a full-blooded Indian, when Lee saw his swarthy features he looked at him with evident surprise, and his eyes rested on him for several seconds. What was passing in his mind no one knew, but the natural surmise was that he at first mistook Parker for a negro, and was struck with astonishment to find that the commander of the Union armies had one of that race on his personal staff.

Lee did not utter a word while the introductions were going on, except to Seth Williams, with whom he talked cordially. Williams at one time referred in a rather jocose manner to a circumstance which had

occurred during their former service together, as if he wished to say something in a good-natured way to thaw the frigidity of the conversation; but Lee was in no mood for pleasantries, and he did not unbend, or even relax the fixed sternness of his features. His only response to the remark was a slight inclination of the head. General Lee now took the initiative again in leading the conversation back into business channels. He said:

"I have a thousand or more of your men as prisoners, General Grant, a number of them officers, whom we have required to march along with us for several days. I shall be glad to send them into your lines as soon as it can be arranged, for I have no provisions for them. I have, indeed, nothing for my own men. They have been living for the last few days principally upon parched corn, and we are badly in need of both rations and forage. I telegraphed to Lynchburg, directing several train loads of rations to be sent on by rail from there, and when they arrive I should be glad to have the present wants of my men supplied from them."

At this remark all eyes turned toward Sheridan, for he had captured these trains with his cavalry the night before near Appomattox station. General Grant replied: "I should like to have our men sent within our lines as soon as possible. I will take steps at once to have your army supplied with rations, but I am sorry we have no forage for the animals. We have had to depend upon the country for our supply of forage. Of about how many men does your present force consist?"

"Indeed, I am not able to say," Lee answered, after a slight pause. "My losses in killed and wounded have been exceedingly heavy, and, besides there have been many stragglers and some deserters. All my reports and public papers, and indeed some of my own private letters, had to be destroyed on the march to prevent them from falling into the hands of your people. Many companies are entirely without officers, and I have not seen any returns for several days, so that I have no means of ascertaining our present strength."

General Grant had taken great pains to have a daily estimate made of the enemy's forces from all the data that could be obtained, and judging it to be about 25,000 at this time, he said: "Suppose I sent over 25,000 rations, do you think that will be a sufficient supply?" "I think it will be ample," remarked Lee, and added with considerable earnestness of manner, "and it will be a great relief, I assure you."

General Grant now turned to his chief commissary, Colonel M. R. Morgan, who was present, and directed him to arrange for issuing the rations. The number of officers and men surrendered was over 28,000. As to General Grant's supplies, he had ordered the army, on starting out, to carry twelve day's rations. This was the twelfth, and last day of the campaign.

Grant's eye now fell upon Lee's sword again, and it seemed to remind him of the absence of his own, and by way of explanation, and so that it would not be construed as a discourtsy, he said to Lee:

"I started out from my camp several days ago without my sword, and as I have not seen my headquarters' baggage since, I have been riding about without any side arms. I have generally worn a sword, however,

as little as possible—only during the active operations of a campaign." "I am in the habit of wearing mine most of the time," remarked Lee, "when I am among my troops moving through the army."

General Sheridan now stepped up to General Lee, and said that when he discovered some of the Confederate troops in motion during the morning, which seemed to be a violation of the truce, he had sent him (Lee) a couple of notes protesting against this act, and as he had not had time to copy them, he would like to have them long enough to make copies. Lee took the notes out of the breast pocket of his coat, handed them to Sheridan, with a few words expressive of regret that the circumstances should have occurred, and intimating that it must have been the result of some misunderstanding.

After a little general conversation had been indulged in by those present, the two letters were signed. Grant signed the terms on the oval table, which was moved up to him again for the purpose. Lee signed his letter of acceptance on the marble-topped table at which he sat. Colonel Parker folded up the terms, and gave them to Colonel Marshall. Marshall handed Lee's acceptance to Parker.

Before parting Lee asked Grant to notify Meade of the surrender, fearing that fighting might break out on that front, and lives be uselessly lost. This request was complied with, and two Union officers were sent through the enemy's lines as the shortest route to Meade, some of Lee's officers accompanying them to prevent their being interfered with. A little before four o'clock General Lee shook hands with General Grant, bowed to the other officers, and with Colonel Marshall left the room. One after another we followed, and passed out to the porch. Lee signaled to his orderly to bring up his horse, and while the animal was being bridled the General stood on the lowest step, and gazed sadly in the direction of the valley beyond, where his army lay —now an army of prisoners. He thrice smote the palm of his left hand with his right fist in an absent sort of way, seemed not to see the group of Union officers in the yard, who rose respectfully at his approach, and appeared unaware of everything about him. All appreciated the sadness that overwhelmed him, and he had the personal sympathy of every one who beheld him at this supreme moment of trial. The approach of his horse seemed to recall him from his reverie, and he at once mounted. General Grant now stepped down from the proch, moving toward him, and saluted him by raising his hat. He was followed in this act of courtesy by all our officers present. Lee raised his hat respectfully, and rode off at a slow trot to break the sad news to the brave fellows whom he had so long commanded.

HORACE PORTER.

—*From Campaigning with Grant.*

GRANT'S LAST REVIEW.

As the officer's sword went up in salute the old soldier's hand was lifted in response, and the people saw the hand was white and thin. A murmer almost like a groan escaped the motionless throng in the street, as it saw the figure at the window. Did they cheer? Not a sound. With the blaring brass and the rattling drums it seems as though they might have cheered that haggard man who had led the troops from "the first call" to the "grand review"—him who had heard great bands on battle-fields where men were killed and killing, who then as now stood quiet and alone. Hero worship would then have been very easy, but they did not cheer, only that groan of infinite pity stirred the crowd.

The band strains grew fainter and died out, the stiffly-moving ranks had wheeled from view. A moment more the General stood looking forth. In the now quiet street there was a strong impulse of the crowd toward him, and he felt it, paused, bowed and smiled a wan, thin smile. At that instant men there would have taken him, if they might, in their strong, willing arms to ward away or share his pain. But no outbreak came. Something drew the cords too tense in every throat. There were mothers who lifted their children who might boast in after years of whom they had seen. Some men uncovered, not knowing what they did. Others tightened their lips and swallowed hard to hide the feeling their wet eyes betrayed. A moment more the solitary man at the window held them so and then, with a slow sweep of the white, thin hand, withdrew from view.

Once more that day the constant throng in the street before his house saw Grant. Two companies of war veterans were marching by, and paused beneath the General's window. This time without the grim, black cap he stood there to acknowledge their greeting. A moment they stood still, each viewing the other—the Chief and his old soldiers. There was no pomp in the scene, no band music nor flashing arms—only a meeting once more of comrades. The gray, wistful face at the window lighted up for a moment with prideful pleasure,—and the veterans! One of their officers, seizing his slouch hat in one hand, threw up both arms toward the old Commander in a gesture that might almost have surrendered life for him, standing there so still and wan. The act was inspiring, infectious. The veterans uncovered, each extended his arms in a passionate reach toward him, and the sound of sobs came from their ranks, the strong sobs of men who pitied and adored. It was over in a few moments. Plainly affected by the scene the feeble man left the window lest he show too much, and the veterans marched down the street feeling they had done too little.

Grant had claimed the big headlines for many days, but he had to yield. He came forth to drive in the Park with his wife and daughter; next day half a column told the story. April and May had passed. Grant again was at work on his book. News of the case had dwindled to a few lines daily. The newspapers had withdrawn their reporters, the special correspondents had flitted away. All were tampling with the gang plows somewhere else. The wires of the Associated Press still lay in the basement hall of the banker's house next door, and beneath the banker's front steps the Associated Press correspondents

and operators waited and watched in relays, day and night. The case must not be deserted, though its vivid interest had passed. The gang plows were clanging in other fields, the steam drills and shovels in other quarries.

FRANK W. MACK.
—In Saturday Evening Post.

NEAR THE CLOSE OF A GREAT LIFE.

"If it be within God's providence that I should go now, I am ready to obey His call without a murmer. I should prefer to go now to enduring my present suffering for a single day, without hope of recovery. As I have stated, I am thankful for the providential extension of my time to enable me to continue my work. I am further thankful, and in a much greater degree, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which has so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly conflict. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear kind expressions toward me, in person, from all parts of our country, from people of all nationalities, all religions and no religions, of Confederate and National troops alike, of soldiers' organizations, of mechanical, scientific, religious and other societies, embracing almost every citizen in the land. They have brought joy to my heart, if they have not effected a cure. So, to you and your colleagues, I acknowledge my indebtness for having brought me through the valley of the shadow of death to enable me to witness these things."

—From Memorial Address by Bishop Fowler.

HIS LAST THOUGHTS CONCERNING HIS CHILDREN.

(Taken from a letter written to his wife just before his death.)

"Look after our dear children, and direct them in the paths of rectitude. It would distress me far more that one of them would depart from an honorable, upright and virtuous life than it would to know that they were prostrated on a bed of sickness, from which they were never to arise alive. They have never given any cause for alarm on this account, and I earnestly pray that they never will. With these few injunctions, and the knowledge I have of your love and affection, and of their dutiful affection, I bid you a final farewell until we meet in another, and, I trust, a better world. You will find this on my person, after my demise."

—From Memorial Address by Bishop Fowler.

LAST HOURS.

As his life rounded to a close, it took on epic scope and dignity. Had he died at the end of the war, he would have been a mighty hero, but the man would have been unknown. Had he died after his second administration, he would have left a name at the mercy of politicians.

But to die now, after his work was done, his fame secure, was in reality glorious. He forgave the world, but there were men, old friends, and subordinate officers, whom he could not invite to his side. They had broken faith with him; duplicity was to him a most hateful thing; and, being human after all, he turned his face from them. He wished them no harm, but he could not forget their perfidious deeds.

He continued to work a little on his book, for it was conceded that it could do him no harm and might relieve his suffering. The Fourth of July was a great anniversary for him. On that day he had won Vicksburg. He did not need to be reminded of it, but he did not refer to it himself; it was far from his wish to revive memories unpleasant to the people of the South. He was not of a nature to exult over the defeat of others.

A few days later there came to Mount McGregor a company of Mexican journalists, and, though suffering with special acuteness that day, the General welcomed them gladly. He received them in unwilling silence (for he could not even whisper), standing with bowed head while they said in formal terms: "We could not pass so near a great friend of Mexico without coming to pay our respects to him." They then passed before him, and were introduced. It was evident that his interest was very cordial. His face lighted up, and when they had all shaken his hand, he sat at a table and wrote his reply:

"My great interest in Mexico is dated back to the war between the United States and that country. My interest was increased when four European monarchies attempted to set up their institutions on this continent, selecting Mexico, a territory adjoining us. It was an outrage on human rights for a foreign nation to attempt to transfer her institutions and her rulers to the territory of a civilized people without their consent. They were properly punished for their crime. I hope Mexico may soon begin an upward and prosperous departure. She has the people, she has the soil, she has the climate, and she has the minerals. The conquest of Mexico will not be an easy task in the future."

In answer to a Catholic priest who called to see him, he expressed his tolerance of all creeds. When told that all denominations and sects were praying for him, he wrote: "Yes, I know, and I feel grateful. All I can do is to pray that the prayers of all these people may be answered so far as to have us all meet in another and better world." To another he wrote: "I am glad that, while there is unblushing wickedness in the world, there is compensating grandeur of soul. In my case, I have not found republics ungrateful, nor are the people."

Visited by General Buckner.

About this time General Simon Buckner paid a visit to his old classmate and conqueror. "It is a purely personal visit," he said to General Grant. "I wanted you to know that many Confederate officers sympathize with you in your sickness and trouble."

"I appreciate your calling highly," the Northern chieftain wrote in reply. "I have witnessed since my illness just what I have wished to see since the war—harmony, harmony and good will between the sections. * * * We now look forward to a perpetual peace at home and a

national strength which will screen us against any foreign complication. I believe myself that the war was worth all it cost us, fearful as that was. Since it was over I have visited every state in Europe and a number in the East. I know, as I did not know before, the value of our institutions."

As General Buckner passed out of the house the reporters fell upon him, eager to know what was said. "I cannot tell you," he said. "The visit was purely personal; and, besides," he added, with eyes dim with tears, "it was too sacred. Without General Grant's consent, I cannot speak."

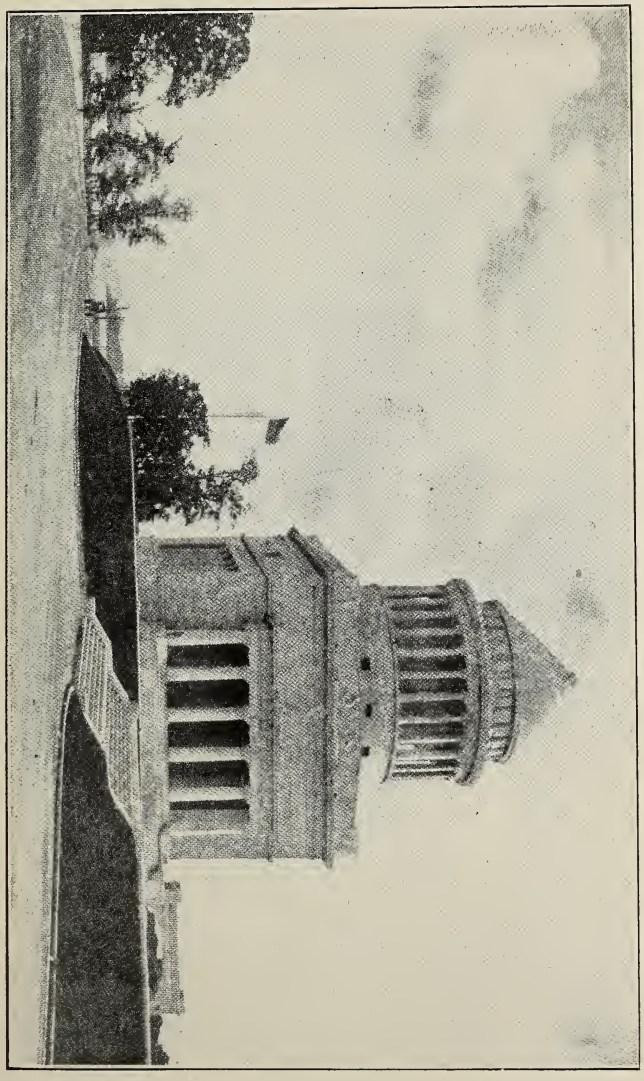
After reaching New York, General Buckner received a despatch from General Grant permitting the interview to be made public. When it appeared that the interview might add to the harmony and good will between the North and the South, Grant was eager to have it sent far and wide. Throughout all his later life he had had two predominating desires: one, to put down the rebellion; and, when that was done, then his whole heart went out toward the task of reconstructing the nation. And so now, though having gone away into a mountain to die, he still desired that every word of his should make for a united and peaceful nation.

His wish was gratified. The words he wrote went to North and South as messengers of peace. Again he said: "Let us have peace." And, standing there on the high ground between earth and the things beyond the earth, his words had all the force of a command and a benediction.

In ever increasing calm and ever decreasing sensibility to pain, he drifted toward the shadowed world. His introspection increased, and the certainty of his speedy death grew very strong in his own mind. "I have admonitions that the doctors know not of," he wrote slowly upon his tablet; "I think it doubtful that I shall last much longer than the end of the month." Despair had no place in the growing serenity of his manner. There was a lofty courage which laid hold upon great conceptions of human destiny. He subscribed to no creed, but he had an unspeakable faith in the integrity of the universe. He had no map of the unseen land toward which he was marching, but he believed it to be a better land than this, and that light and the guidance of reason would be present there as in the world he was leaving. He did not know, but he had no fear.

His consideration and his constant courtesy never left him. His gratitude for little kindnesses was inexpressibly touching. His physicians could look upon it only with tears.

On the 22nd of July he expressed a wish to be put in a bed. His bones were intolerably weary of the chair in which he had spent night and day during months of ceaseless suffering. The physicians looked at each other significantly. He was transferred to his bed, and as he stretched out his tired limbs and lay full length at last, he drew a sigh of relief and smiled. He felt the delicious restfulness of the bed as he



Tomb of General Grant, Riverside Drive in New York City.

used to do when a boy after a hard day's work. That he knew it to be his death bed is certain; but it was none the less grateful because of that,—it was the more grateful by reason of that.

"Does it seem good to be in bed?"

"So good. So good," he whispered in reply.

A deep untroubled sleep fell upon him almost at once, but the physicians read the advance of death in the labored breathing and fluttering pulse. Slowly the blood ceased to warm the body. The lower limbs grew cold as marble, and the breathing grew ever quicker and lighter. The lower cells of the lungs were closing. Life was retreating to the brain.

The family at last were all there. The loyal wife sat often by his side, where she could touch his face and press his hand. His eldest son, erect, calm and soldierly, scarcely relaxed his painful vigil. It was a long and terrible watch, and when midnight came, it was evident that death was present in the room at last. The great soldier lay in a doze which was the lethargy of dissolution, but still responded to the agonized words of love from his wife and daughter by opening his eye in a peculiarly queer, wide, penetrating glance. This was only momentary. Each time it was more difficult to penetrate beneath the freezing flesh to the living soul. At two o'clock in the morning, Colonel Grant laid his hand on the dying man's forhead and said: "Father, would you like a drink of water?"

In reply, Grant whispered: "Yes."

At three o'clock Colonel Grant again approached the bedside: "Father is there anything you want?"

"Water," whispered the dying man, and this was his last word.

He could not swallow, but when his wife placed a sponge in his mouth, he closed his lips upon it and seemed relieved by the trickling moisture.

All danger of a violent death was over. He was passing peacefully away, his face calm and unlined by pain. His body wasted and grave-weary, composed itself to a final rest. The coldness crept slowly, but inexorably toward the faintly-beating heart. The birds sang outside and the sun rose, warming the earth, but no waking and no warmth came to the great Commander lying so small and weak beneath his coverlet.

At seven minutes past eight, in the full flush of a glorious morning, he drew a deep breath, and then uttered a long, gentle sigh, like one suddenly relieved of a painful burden. In the hush which followed, the watchers waited for the next breath. It did not come. The doctor stole softly to the bedside, and listened; then rose and said in a low voice: "It is all over."

Ulysses Grant was dead.

The pomp and pageantry of the funeral which followed surpassed anything ever seen in America. The wail of bugle, the boom of cannon, the rataplan of drum, the tramp of columned men were all of martial suggestiveness—ceremony for which Grant cared little; but if his spirit was able to look back toward its outworn vesture, it must have been glad to see Joseph Johnston and Simon Buckner marching side by side

with their old classmates, Philip Sheridan and William Tecumseh Sherman. Over the body of Grant, the great warrior of peace, the North and the South clasped hands in a union never again to be broken. It is well that on the majestic marble mausoleum erected to cover his dust, on a wall looking to the South, these words: "Let Us Rest in Peace;" for they express more completely than any other symbols could do, the inner gentleness and patriotism of the man.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

—From Grant, His Life and Character.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave!
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, no winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

—*Theodore O'Hara.*

GRANT AT REST.

Not like the tombs where sleep Egyptian kings,
Raised up by bondmen driven from afar,
Is thy last home; a song of glory rings
Above the cannon of forgotten war.

Gone are the steeds of strife and battle now;
Furled are the flags that billowed over them;
Folded the hands and quiescent the brow
That faced their call and knew their requiem.

O River, flowing onward by the shore,
Keep green the grass that rises from the sod
Where men that are shall falter nevermore,
And slaves that were uplift free hands to God!

—*James J. Meehan.*

HE KNEW THE MAN.

A few years ago I walked into that marvel of architectural beauty on the bank of the Hudson and stood beside the granite walls of that splendid mausoleum in which rests the ashes of my ideal soldier and that beloved wife. I wore a grand army button as did the veteran Irish soldier on guard. Looking into the vault upon his granite coffin deposited there, I could not help thinking of his wonderful career, of the battles he fought, the victories he won, how from obscurity in four short, stormy, perilous years he forced his way to the pinnacle of military glory, and my mind went back to that dark night in April, 1863, when I saw him standing in front of the pilot house on the H. Von Phul, the same gentle wife by his side, and had impressed upon my young mind the conviction, Grant alone is invincible; Grant is unconquerable, and tears coursed their way down my cheeks and as I turned to go saluted the Irish soldier, who said, "Comrade, perhaps you knowed the mon."

JUDGE J. W. WILKIN.

SOLDIER, REST!

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sounds shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the day break from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near;
Guards nor warders challenge here;
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

ONE OF THE TRUEST, STRONGEST, BRAVEST.

No man was known by reputation, and personally, to so many men of his time as Grant. The nations of the earth read of him, saw him and judged him. After the fame of his great deeds had spread over the world, he traveled through both hemispheres, and received the willing and unstinted homage of men high and low in various climes and countries. The record of what he has said and what he has done must place him high in the roll of the world's great men. Posterity will see to that. We who knew him face to face may bear witness of what he was in himself. We need not inquire to what extent he imbibed and assimiliated the wisdom, the knowledge, or the morality of worthy parents, of early teachers, of friends and staff officers, such as McPherson, and Rawlins, and Wilson and Bowers. Undoubtedly with him, as with other men, the surrounding influences of his life had much to do with making him what he was. He endured disappointment, humiliation, and poverty; he was tempted by military success and glory, and encountered the rivalries, the jealousies, the intrigues of ambitious and aspiring generals; he floated for years upon the high tide of popular favor and good fortune, and then fell through the evils of others, and was wrongfully and cruelly dashed against the rocks of financial discredit and ruin; and finally, while tried by prolonged and excruciating physical torture, he made an effort, unsurpassed in its heroism, to restore the fortunes of his family by the work of his own brain and hand. What did the duties, the obligations, and temptations, the sorrows, the struggles of life, make of this man? One of the truest, strongest, bravest, human entities that the world has ever produced.

James B. Fry.

VANQUISHED.

Not by the ball or brand
Sped by a mortal hand,
Not by the lightning-stroke
When fiery tempests broke—
Not mid the ranks of war
Fell the great Conqueror.

Unmoved, undismayed,
In the crash and carnage of the cannonade—
Eye that dimmed not, hand that failed not,
Brain that swerved not, heart that quailed not,
Steel nerve, iron form—
The dauntless spirit that o'erruled the storm.

While the Hero peaceful slept
A foeman to his chamber crept,
Lightly to the slumberer came,
Touched his brow and breathed his name:
O'er the stricken form there passed
Suddenly an icy blast.

The Hero woke: rose undismayed:
Saluted Death—and sheathed his blade.

The Conqueror of a hundred fields
To a mightier Conqueror yields;
No mortal foeman's blow
Laid the great Soldier low;
Victor in this latest breath—
Vanquished but by Death.

—*Francis Fisher Browne.*

SOME SAYINGS OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

"If our country could be saved or ruined by the efforts of one man, we should not have a country. What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the nation. They came from their homes and their fields as they did in the time of the Revolution, giving everything to the country."

"Although a soldier by education and profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and have never advocated it except as a means of peace."

"The truth is, I am more of a farmer than a soldier; I take little interest in military affairs; and although I entered the army thirty-five years ago, and have been in two wars, I never went into the army without regret, and never retired without pleasure."

THE DEAD COMRADE.

Come, soldiers, arouse ye!
Another has gone;
Let us bury our comrade,
His battles are done.
His sun it is set;
He was true, he was brave,
He feared not the grave,
There is naught to regret.

Bring music and banners
And wreaths for his bier—
No fault of the fighter
That Death conquered here.
Bring him home ne'er to rove,
Bring him home to his rest,
And over his breast
Fold the flag of his love.

Great Captain of battles,
We leave him with Thee!
What was wrong, oh forgive it;
His spirit make free.
Sound taps, and away!
Out lights, and to bed!
Farewell, soldier dead!
Farewell—for a day.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their Country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

—*William Collins.*

TAPS.

Sleep,
Now that the charge is won,
Sleep in the narrow clod;
Now it is set of sun,
Sleep till the trump of God.
Sleep.

Sleep,
Fame is a bugle call
Blown past a crumbling wall;
Battles are clean forgot;
Captains and towns are not:
Sleep shall outlast them all.
Sleep.

—*Lizette Woodworth Reese.*

THE WOODS OF TENNESSEE.

The whip-poor-will is calling
From its perch on splintered limb,
And the plaintive notes are echoing
Through the isles of the forest dim;
The slanting threads of starlight
Are silvering shrub and tree,
And the spot where the loved are sleeping,
In the woods of Tennessee.

The leaves are gently rustling,
But they're stained with a tinge of red,
For they proved to many a soldier
His last and lonely bed.
As he prayed in mortal agony
To God to set him free,
Death touched him with his finger
In the woods of Tennessee.

Many still forms are lying
In their forgotten graves,
On the green slopes of the hillsides,
Along Potomac's waves;
But the memory will be ever sweet
Of him so dear to me,
On his country's altar offered,
In the woods of Tennessee.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Bordered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

—*Francis Miles Finch.*

Illinois....

Not without thy wondrous story,
Illinois, Illinois,
Can be writ the Nation's glory
Illinois, Illinois.
On the record of the years,
Abr'am Lincoln's name appears,
Grant and Logan, and our tears,
Illinois, Illinois,
Grant and Logan, and our tears,
Illinois.